

ENGLISH MORALS FOR 1891.

A CHAPTER OF ENGLISH HISTORY THAT IS INTERESTING, IF NOTHING MORE.

SECRETARY TRACY ON OUR NAVY.
HE SAYS IT WILL BE FOUR YEARS BEFORE WE ARE READY TO FIGHT.
SEE THE SUNDAY WORLD.

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.

"MAC HAS GRIT."

But Honest John Kelly's Is Closed for a "Blow Over."

His Patrons Entertained Last Night at Neighbor McCormick's.

Who Isn't Afraid and Shows It by Keeping Open Till Dawn.

Carey Welch's Notorious "Hole in the Wall" Temporarily Corked.

The Pickwick Has a Picnic Through the Overflow from McCormick's.

New York City, Dec. 31, 1891.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
You have started in to "do up the outlaws of New York." You have sent McGlory to prison and smashed Tom Gould. Now go for the Pickwick Garden, Thirty-fourth street and Broadway, run by an old-timer named Springer, who comes from Chicago. Go for McCormick's, next door to Kelly's, where men are robbed nightly, and where two newspaper men were recently pounded. Go for Carey Welch's "Hole in the Wall," Fourth avenue, and Jim Sullivan's, 78 Third avenue. All these places are dives. Go for them.
Respectfully yours, S. A.

The above letter is one of the many received by THE EVENING WORLD urging it to put down New York's outlaws.



MCCORMICK'S DIVE.

Carrying it for reference, a reporter last night went to the places enumerated, merely to give the public some idea of them. The triplicate establishment run by Mr. McGlory, John Kelly, on the northeast corner of Thirty-first street and Sixth avenue had only one section open. That was the barroom. The assignation department and the gambling hell were temporarily closed. The reason for this partial suspension of business was explained in a typical way by a friend of the proprietor, who said:

"John will lay low for a few days till this blow-over. Then things will run on again all right. He knows what he is doing, for he got the advice straight."

Who gave Mr. Kelly the advice and where the adviser got his information, Mr. Kelly's friend refused to say. But his conviction that Mr. Kelly's subsequent career in the dive business would go on with prosperity and without disturbance, was firmly fixed as Gibraltar's rock.

MCCORMICK'S DEN CROWDED.
Mr. "Jim" McCormick, whose establishment adjoins that of Mr. Kelly to the north, did a land-office trade. His three little assignation rooms were crowded all night, and not a place at any one of his seventeen tables was vacant for five minutes at a time.

That "Honest" John Kelly's dive should have been closed at 1 o'clock yesterday morning was something so unusual that the habitués of the place thought it was a New Year's joke put up by "Honest" John. They wouldn't leave the place until "Honest" John and his bouncer forcibly convinced them that there was no joke about it.

But imagine the surprise of the frequenters of the dive when they called last night and found the assignation room closed altogether. The room was in darkness. Neither the accustomed thrumming of the much-abused guitars downstairs nor the rattle and click of the chips in the tiger's lair upstairs were heard. There was no sound of coarse voices singing ribald songs. Nothing but gloom, deep and large, pervaded the atmosphere.

A white-crowned bouncer took up his station at the side door about 10 o'clock, the flash-light beam at which Mr. Kelly's guests begin to arrive.

Flashily dressed women, singly and in pairs and others accompanied by men began to make their appearance shortly after 10. Many carriages drove up to the side entrance, too, and half drunken men and women got out, and dismissing the drivers, started for the assignation room.

"Honest" John Kelly's posture.

"Can't get in here. No ladies served here to-night."

to-night," was the curt and stereotyped greeting of the bouncer to one and all who had evidently come to make a night of it in the dive as a fitting wind-up to a New Year's carousal.

"Why?"
"What's the matter?"
"What's happened?"
"Has the place been pulled?"
"Has somebody been up?"

All these questions, which represented the ideas of some of "Honest" John Kelly's patrons, expressed the cause of his sudden suspension of business, were fired in a volley at the bouncer, but he vouchsafed no explanation. Once in a while he changed his tactics if one more importunate than the rest insisted on information. With the air of the barroom bully, he would order the questioner away with a wave of his hand and say:

"Well, you can't get in here. That's all. See, skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

The attractions for the painted women and the professional crooks at Kelly's dive are closed, probably because they find there more victims than in any other place, and the bouncer expressed regret, despite the rule of the bouncer, that the house should be closed.

Sec. Skippe you!"

with painted cheeks and a blackened eye, leaned over to her mate companion and said, in a stage whisper intended to reach "Mac's" ears:

"Mac's all right. He is a bigger man than you. He's always stood by the sporting people."

"Kelly was called for a show down. He was outwitted and lost the pot," is the terse and sporty way a gambler put it at another table.

Mr. McCormick, who has not been called upon for a "show down" yet, but who did not know how soon he might be, refrained from expressing his opinion as to what he would do in that case.

Now, that Kelly's and Kelly's places are both out of joint, Mr. McCormick is doing all the business, and doing quite well, he would probably like to "hold on."

MCCORMICK'S DIVE OPEN AFTER 3 A. M.
He had no idea of closing up at 3 o'clock this morning, when the place was in full blast. Three policemen stood on Kelly's corner and watched the rush to McCormick's.

In Kelly's barroom the usual crowd of Jews, coppers, confidence men and streetwise crowd around drinking and discussing the situation.

They were savage in their attacks on the EVENING WORLD, and Mr. Kelly said he would like to have that reporter alone just for two minutes.

He didn't say what he would do with him, but the expression on his face as he said it left very little doubt. There was blood in his eye.

A dive that for notoriety takes rank with Kelly's and McCormick's is that of Carey Welch, Fourth avenue, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. The same scenes that are enacted nightly in the upper dens are represented here, and some of the worst characters in the city frequent this resort.

The women who frequented Kelly's before it was taken up now make Carey Welch's their headquarters.

Welch is aware that the character of his dive is well known, and he does not want the search light of THE EVENING WORLD thrown upon it.

So he followed "Honest" John Kelly's example last night and closed up. Both the bar and assignation room were shut up tight.

The lights were burning, however, and the curtains were rolled up so that all could see a law-abiding spirit obtained in Mr. Welch when he had reason to fear exposure.

The entrance to Welch's den is down a flight of steps. It is a low, bad smelling place about sixty feet long, the assignation room being divided from the bar by a partition.

"THE EVENING WORLD DID IT."
"Kelly is done for. Those articles in THE EVENING WORLD did it," said a sailor-faced, hollow-eyed optician who sat at a table in McCormick's talking to a black-eyed brunette who was temporarily a blonde.

"Honest" John Kelly was dead in the sense that sporting gentry apply that term to a man who has lost his standing in the particular "line" or "profession," he may be low, and all of the "profess" scratched out this bit of obituary doggerel:

Softly dead,
Kelly is dead,
No moribund, no moribund,
Door at side
Of Kelly's dive.

MCCORMICK'S DIVE IS LOCATED IN A THREE-STORY brick building in the same block with the late John Kelly's dive. The building has the appearance of a respectable family dwelling. There is nothing in its aspect to indicate that it is a den into which the guileless and unwary are nightly inveigled and relieved of their money.

The place is entered from the street by a glass door, which is shaded by a blue curtain. A curate of similar hue hides the bar from the passers-by on the street. There is no sign on the window or door to indicate that it is a saloon, and if McCormick depended on transient trade he would starve. But the initiated know what kind of a place it is, and they are the ones who stirrish for pious to take there and place.

During the day only a few of the "regulars" drop in to chat with Mac, as McCormick is called for short, or the barkeeper or bouncer, if he is not there. They sit around with their heads resting on tables till dusk, and only one section opens. That was the barroom. The assignation department and the gambling hell were temporarily closed. The reason for this partial suspension of business was explained in a typical way by a friend of the proprietor, who said:

"John will lay low for a few days till this blow-over. Then things will run on again all right. He knows what he is doing, for he got the advice straight."

Who gave Mr. Kelly the advice and where the adviser got his information, Mr. Kelly's friend refused to say. But his conviction that Mr. Kelly's subsequent career in the dive business would go on with prosperity and without disturbance, was firmly fixed as Gibraltar's rock.

MCCORMICK'S DEN CROWDED.
Mr. "Jim" McCormick, whose establishment adjoins that of Mr. Kelly to the north, did a land-office trade. His three little assignation rooms were crowded all night, and not a place at any one of his seventeen tables was vacant for five minutes at a time.

That "Honest" John Kelly's dive should have been closed at 1 o'clock yesterday morning was something so unusual that the habitués of the place thought it was a New Year's joke put up by "Honest" John. They wouldn't leave the place until "Honest" John and his bouncer forcibly convinced them that there was no joke about it.

But imagine the surprise of the frequenters of the dive when they called last night and found the assignation room closed altogether. The room was in darkness. Neither the accustomed thrumming of the much-abused guitars downstairs nor the rattle and click of the chips in the tiger's lair upstairs were heard. There was no sound of coarse voices singing ribald songs. Nothing but gloom, deep and large, pervaded the atmosphere.

A white-crowned bouncer took up his station at the side door about 10 o'clock, the flash-light beam at which Mr. Kelly's guests begin to arrive.

Flashily dressed women, singly and in pairs and others accompanied by men began to make their appearance shortly after 10. Many carriages drove up to the side entrance, too, and half drunken men and women got out, and dismissing the drivers, started for the assignation room.

"Honest" John Kelly's posture.

"Can't get in here. No ladies served here to-night."

to-night," was the curt and stereotyped greeting of the bouncer to one and all who had evidently come to make a night of it in the dive as a fitting wind-up to a New Year's carousal.

"Why?"
"What's the matter?"
"What's happened?"
"Has the place been pulled?"
"Has somebody been up?"

FOREIGN NEWS OF THE DAY.

Bishop of Carcassonne Disobeys the French Government.

Suicide of a Hungarian Cashier Whose Shortage Was Discovered.

PARIS, Jan. 2.—A case somewhat similar in its aspects to the case of the Bishop of Aix has arisen between the Government and the Bishop of Carcassonne.

The Bishop of Carcassonne also refused to obey the Government order and went to Rome without having first secured the sanction of the Government to his visit. In consequence of this action the Minister of Justice and Public Worship has suppressed the Bishop's stipend for the period of his absence from his see.

Figaro's today publishes a letter from the Bishop of Carcassonne in which he states that he went to Rome purely in the fulfilment of his spiritual duty.

As in previous years he did not seek permission to visit the Vatican, and by going to Rome he claims he did not incur the slightest blame.

To be consistent, the authorities will have to prosecute him as they did the Archbishop of Aix. In view of the present state of affairs existing between the clerical and the Government, however, the latter may decide that it would be inexpedient to further antagonize the church party.

Carcassonne, the See of the Bishop above mentioned, is the capital of the Department of Aude, situated on the River Aude and the Canal du Midi, fifty-five miles southeast of Toulouse.

Dublin Castle Seize Leads to a United States Pensioners' Arrest.

DUBLIN, Jan. 2.—The British police in Dublin Castle on Thursday last seized the police have been extraordinarily vigilant in watching for dynamite suspects.

The customs officers, too, have developed active activity in searching the effects of passengers landing at Queenstown from the transatlantic mail ships.

The first person to fall a victim to the customs officials' newly awakened ardor for the safety of the country is Thomas Ryan, an army pensioner on the lists of the United States, who was a passenger on the Cunard steamer Euryma, which arrived at Queenstown this morning from New York.

He landed at Queenstown, and his foot had no sooner touched Irish soil than he was taken into custody on the charge of concealing a loaded revolver and a supply of ammunition for that weapon.

A Hungarian Cashier Suicides When His Shortage Is Discovered.

BUDA-PESTH, Jan. 2.—The discovery was made today that the accounts of Herr Fustich, cashier of the Hunga-Pesth National Savings Bank, were about \$100,000 short.

An examination of the books and the securities held by the institution revealed the fact that the cashier had defrauded the bank of 100,000 forins in coin and rentes of the nominal value of 100,000 forins.

As soon as Fustich learned that his thing had been discovered he killed himself to escape the penalty for his crime.

Ocean Steamers in Trouble.

LONDON, Jan. 2.—The British steamer Iona, from West Hartlepool to Delaware Bay, water or Baltimore, has arrived at Falmouth with her main shaft broken. She was brought into port by the British steamer Memphis, Capt. Findlay, from New York Dec. 16, for London.

Honor, Jan. 2.—Steamer Star of Indiana (British), Capt. Beane, New York Dec. 29, for Bristol, England, is below and is coming up the harbor. She is heavily listed to port, her cargo having evidently shifted.

Disturbances in Morocco—British Gunboats to the Rescue.

GIBRALTAR, Jan. 2.—Advices received here from Tangier, the diplomatic capital of Morocco, report a serious state of affairs in the vicinity of that city. No explanation is given of the trouble, but it is said that the tribes in the neighborhood of Tangier are in open rebellion against Mulai el Hassan, the Sultan of Morocco.

Matters in Morocco have been in a turbulent condition for some time past.

A British gunboat has already started from Gibraltar to protect British residents at that place, and the battleship Thunder is preparing to follow the gunboat.

Messing of Troops on the Austro-Russian Frontier.

LONDON, Jan. 2.—A despatch to the Standard from Sebastopol says that within a fortnight two divisions of infantry have been sent to the Austro-Russian frontier, and that since August nearly 90,000 men have been massed there.

Influenza Spreading in Belgium, Sweden and Holland.

LONDON, Jan. 2.—Influenza is rapidly spreading in Belgium and Holland. In some districts of North Brabant every house is infected. The epidemic is virulent in Gottenburg, Sweden.

ERLICH IS CHIEF JUSTICE.

Re-Elected To-day by His Colleagues on the City Court Bench.

OWNED TO MURDER.

Harry Turner Confessed That He Robbed and Killed.

His Tale Implicating Others Was a Tissue of Lies.

No One Has Recognized the Man Thrown in the River.

Police Justice Kelly, in the Harlem Court, this morning remanded for the action of the coroner a man who, after charging two innocent men with murdering an unknown unfortunate, has confessed that he alone was the murderer, but insists that he did not intend to kill his victim.

The self-confessed murderer is Harry C. Turner, aged nineteen, of 555 East One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street, who claims to be a paper-hanger; but the police say they know him as a house-breaker and general tough, while his own confession proves him a boatman.

The new year was only two and a half hours old when Turner ran up to Police Captain Platt, who was standing in front of the Central Post Office, and told him that he had committed a murder.

"Say, a man's tumbled overboard up the street,"

Then he walked into the saloon, while the other men, who were waiting for him, stood abruptly at the Harlem River. There he saw several young men and women leaning over the railing and peering into the water.

"A man's fallen in here, officer," said one of the young men, who gave his name as John A. Campbell, of Home street, Morrisania, and who was standing in front of the Central Post Office.

With him he returned to the river, where Campbell excited himself, as he wished to know what had happened to the man who had fallen in the water.

He did so, but had he not kept his promise perhaps the police would still be searching for the murderer that they had already captured.

On the way there Turner said that he heard the man fall into the water, and that only a few minutes before he had seen two former companions of his, John A. Campbell, and John A. Campbell, who had been with him when he committed the crime.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

He said that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water, and that he had seen the man who had fallen in the water.

HERRICK GIVES HIMSELF UP.

Committed for Causing the Hastings Disaster.

With Train-Despatcher Osaman, He Awaits Trial at White Plains Jail.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
YONKERS, Jan. 2.—Brakeman Albert Herrick and train-despatcher Augustus Osaman, on whom a coroner's jury had fixed the responsibility for the awful Christmas Eve wreck at Hastings, in which thirteen lives were lost, were anxiously awaited by Coroner Mitchell at his office this morning. The New York Central railroad officials and prominent members of the Hastings committee, and Timothy Herrick, of Staatsburg, the brakeman's father, had assured the coroner that his son would appear.

Osaman came to Yonkers on the 10:40 train accompanied by his wife, a daughter, and a son. He was met by the coroner, who had fixed the responsibility for the awful Christmas Eve wreck at Hastings, in which thirteen lives were lost, were anxiously awaited by Coroner Mitchell at his office this morning.

Coroner Mitchell read to Osaman the verdict of the jury, and instructed him that he was not obliged to answer questions at that time. He asked no further questions, but stated his answer as "Twenty-seven years, his occupation as a train despatcher, and his home at 4 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, New York."

The coroner committed him, and gave him in charge to Deputy Sheriff Verplack, with instructions to take him to White Plains Jail.

About 11:40 Herrick appeared. His father and William F. Hunsbarger, of the Adams Express Company, were waiting for him. He was accompanied by lawyer John F. Walsh, of 280 Broadway, New York, who is his counsel. Mr. Dismore's purpose was to offer bail for the man who had been committed to the jail.

By advice of his lawyer John Herrick declined to make any statement other than that his name was Albert E. Herrick, his age twenty-three years, his home at Staatsburg, and that at present he had no occupation.

Coroner Mitchell committed him to White Plains Jail, and he, with Osaman, was taken to that place in a carriage by Deputy Sheriff Verplack.

Timothy Herrick, Mr. Dismore, Lawyers Walsh and Cornell followed in another carriage.

No information as to Brakeman Herrick's whereabouts since the disaster could be obtained from him or from his father.

The offense with which both Herrick and Osaman are charged is manslaughter, which is bailable. Coroner Mitchell, however, did not care to assume the responsibility of fixing bail himself, and sent the prisoners to jail, where they will remain until they can be taken to the trial.

The District Attorney of Westchester County can submit the men to bail in his discretion.

By the statute, the bail in either case is \$3,000. It was said that it was the intention of the men to give the money in full, but it was brought at once before Justice Dykman, who would have no option to fix a higher amount.

Counsel Titus, of the central staff, will offer bail for Osaman, and Mr. Dismore for Herrick.

THE ASSEMBLY SPEAKERSHIP.

Five Candidates in the Struggle Now on at Albany.